

The Comical Historie of

With bleared vilages coma forth to view
The issue of th'exploit : Go *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live with much, much more dismay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

*A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the Caskets,
to himselfe.*

*Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;
How begot, how nourished? Replie, replie.
It is ingendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the Cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring Fancies knell,
He begin it.*

Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselves,
The world is still deceav'd with ornament:
In Law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voyce,
Obscures the shew of evill. In religion,
What damned error but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossnesse with faire ornament:
There is no voyce so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whose hearts are all as false
As stayers of sand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward searcht, have lyvers white as milke,
And these assume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see tis purchast by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambals with the wind

the Merchant

Upon supposed fairenesse, often k
To be the dowry of a second hea
The scull that bred them in the se
Thus ornament is but the guiled
To a most dangerous sea : the bea
Vailing an Indian beauty ; In a wo
The seeming truth which cunning
To intrap the wisest. Therefore t
Hard food for *Midas*, I will non
Nor none of thee thou pale and c
Tween man and man : but thou, t
Which rather threatnest then do
Thy palenesse moves me more th
And heere chuse I, joy be the con

Por. How all the other passio
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash in
And shyddring feare, and green-e
O love be moderate, allay thy ex
In measure reine thy joy, scant th
I feele too much thy blessing, ma
For feare I surfeit.

Bass. What find I heere ?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What
Hath come so neere creation ? m
Or whether riding on the bals of
Seeme they in motion ? Here are
Parted with suger breath, so swee
Should sunder such swaet friends
The Painter playes the Spyder, an
A golden mesh t' intrap the heart
Faster then gnats in Cobwebs; bu
How could he see to do them ? h
Me thinks it should have power t
And leave it selfe unfurnisht : Ye
The substance of my praise doth
In underprising it, so farre this sha
Doth limpe behind the substance
The continent and summarie of m

Upon